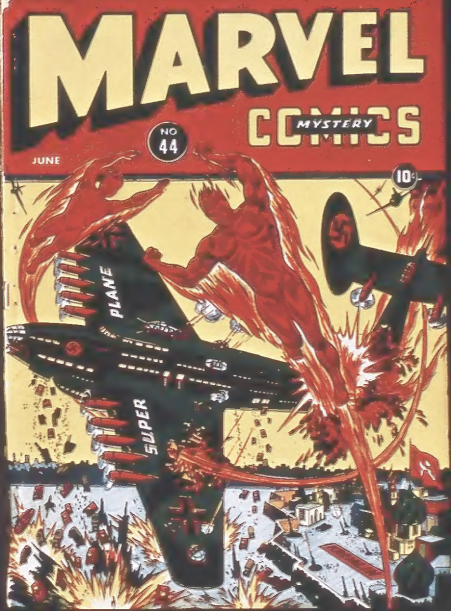
MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
NO. 44
JUNE
10¢
PLANE
SUPER


MARVEL
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SUPER PLANE

ALL THIS IN ONE MARVELOUS BOOK
17 COMPLETE SECTIONS
How To Handle A ROPE
You can excite the Jesse Tinkle, and Kimmie with a Cootie Buzz!
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Learning to spot and identify Planes in the air.
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Tricks, Puzzles Brain-teasers
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There are some 8 pages of Jiu Jitsu secrets and holds that will help you in many ways.
A large selection of interesting and enjoyable games for indoors and outdoors.
A collection of brain-teasers, puzzles, tricks, stunts and ideas.
A collection of in-teresting stories about dogs.

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HUMAN TORCH
THE PHANTOM STRIKES

THIS STRANGE TALE OPENS ON A STREET IN NEW YORK
TORCH! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
WOW! A WHACKED LOOKING ARAB RIDING ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF THAT TAXI!
WHAT A SWORD! HEY! HE'S JUMPING FOR THAT SEDAN! GET HOT TORCH!
YOU BET! BUT LOOK AT THAT BEARD TORCH!
A WAVE OF SCORCHING HEAT HITS THE STREET AS TORCH AND TORO GO INTO ACTION!
YOU DIVE DOWN ON THE TAXI WHILE I TANGLE WITH BIG BEARD.
WATCH OUT FOR HIM! HE WIELDS A NASTY KNIFE, TORCH!
EVEN AS THE BEARDED ARAB SWINGS HIS MURDEROUS LOOKING WEAPON THE TWO FLAMING FIGURES SWOOP DOWN!
THE DRIVER OF THAT SEDAN MUST HAVE SPUN AROUND SIX TIMES. BUT BIG BEARD STILL HANGS ON. WOW!
YAH! HAH-HAH! I MAKE YOU TRAMPER, EH? WOW—!
THE DEVIL! CAN'T YOU DIE?

FLASH OF STEEL— A JET OF BLOOD—AND A PIERCING CRY RISING INTO THE NIGHT!
I MUST SEIZE THE WHEEL— OR I'LL DIE, TOO!
LIKE A FALLING METEOR, TORCH RIPS INTO THE ROOF OF THE SEDAN AS IT JERKS TO A STOP!
HE'S TAKING SOMETHING FROM THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET! LOOKS LIKE SILK— DROP IT!
DO NOT INTERFERE! WHAT! MY FACED TURNS TO WATER!
NOW, TO TURN OFF THE HEAT AND USE MY FISTS!
A BLOW, LIKE THE KICK OF A MULE CONNECTS WITH THE ARMED MAN!
STILL CONSCIOUS, EH? WELL—
IF YOU TURN ON TORCH, EVIL FLAME, INFERNO—!

OH-OH! HE'S GOT A GRENADE! OH WITH THE FLAME!
THIS WILL SOON COOL YOU OFF!
THE GRENADE EXPLODES, UNLEASHING A STRANGE GAS!
IT- IT'S SMOTHERING MY FLAME - KNOCKING ME OUT!
AS THE MIND SNEEPS THE FLAMES AWAY, THE ARAB LEAPS IN FOR THE KILL!
BY THE BEARDS OF MY ANCESTORS, I'LL---
YOU'LL DO NOTHING BAT! DROP THAT KNIFE!
BIG BEARD WHIRLS AND FLEES AS THE POLICEMAN ARRIVES
BLAST IT! I MISSED! ANYWAY, I SAVED THIS GUY!
MEANWHILE TORCH'S CHASE NEARS ITS CLOSE
OKAY, BUT I'LL TAKE THE CAB AND LET'S TALK!
S-S-SURE! BUT, P-P-PLEASE TURN OFF THE HEAT!
I GOT NUTTIN' TO HIDE! I PICKED UP DE MUD WID DE WHISKERS AT DE AIRPORT --- HE GOT OFF DE CLIPPER. SO DID DE GUY HE WANTED TRAILED.
DE GUY HE WAS TAILIN' GOT INTO DE SEDAN AN' I FOLLERED. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MURDER - HONEST!
OKAY, MANION, SO LONG FOR NOW.

TORO RETURNS TO FIND TORCH JUST FINISHING UP.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS GIVEN AN ARABIAN MICKEY FINN - HE GOT AWAY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GUY WHO GOT SLASHED.
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE MORGUE. WONDER WHO HE WAS?
WRITING ON THE WINDOW!
WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
LETTERS OF BLOOD SCRAWLED BY THIS FELLOW WITH HIS FINGER - JUST BEFORE HE DIED!
MUST BE A MESSAGE - BUT WHAT'S YASHMAK MEAN!
YASHMAK 3
IT'S A KIND OF VEIL WORN BY EASTERN WOMEN - I'M CONVINCED THAT WAS WHAT BIG BEARD TOOK FROM THE DEAD MAN!
OH! WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE "3"!
I WOULDN'T KNOW! IT ALL SOUNDS SCREWY! ONE WAY OF GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS TO FIND THE IDENTITY OF THE CORPSE. COME ON, TORO!
SEND THE MORGUE WAGON AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER IMMEDIATELY! TO...
THE CITY MORGUE.
HE POINTS TO SHOW HIM TO BE JOHN BARRY, AN AMERICAN SECRET AGENT!
THANKS! OUR NEXT STOP IS F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.
LATER...
BARRY WAS WORKING IN ISTANBOLE, TURKEY. HOW WOULD YOU AND TORO LIKE TO GO THERE, TORCH - ON ASSIGNMENT?
WE WOULD! AND NOW!

EASTWARD BOUND FOR ISTANBOUL···

WE CERTAINLY HAVEN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, EXCEPT THAT MESSAGE ON THE CAR WINDOW.

RIGHT. BUT KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN. ISTANBOUL IS A RUMOR FACTORY. WE'LL PICK UP SOMETHING SOON.

AND LATER—

HERE WE ARE! BOY, THIS IS SOMETHING OUT OF THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS!

OKAY, TORO! GET SET FOR A LANDING. WE DRIVE NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

TORCH AND TORO MAKE THEY'RE WAY TO A CAFE FREQUENTED BY SPIES OF ALL NATIONS···

MEN, IF THERE'S ANY CLUES TO BE GIVEN OUT, LET US BE ON THE ALERT···

OH, BOY! FOOD! YOU TAKE THE LEAD— I'M HUNGRY!

CAFE

THE END

LOOK, PIERRE! THAT WOMAN— LOVELY!

GORGEOUS! SHE IS ELINOR VON DREI, THE GERMAN CONSULAR SERVICE.

THAT FACE WOULD MAKE HOLLYWOOD LOOK DULL!

VON DREI? VON DREI!

BOY! SHE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO GET YOU MUMBLING!

DREI IS GERMAN FOR THREE. OR HAVE I FORGOTTEN WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE SEDAN?

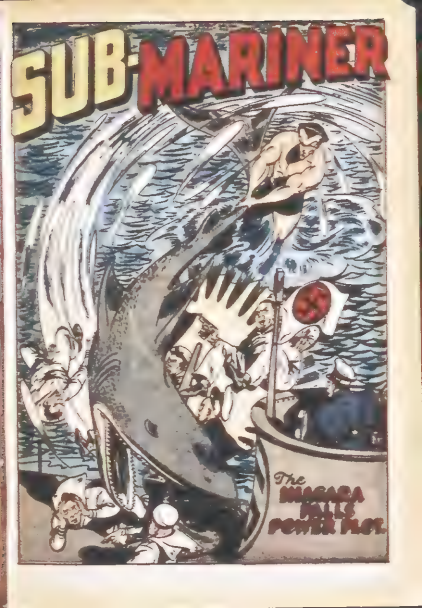
CALL A WAITER, TORO, WHILE I DASH OFF A NOTE TO FRAULEIN VON DREI.
HEY! GAR-CON!
THE NOTE IS DELIVERED.
MMM... HE'S NOT BAD-LOOKING!
May I have the next dance?
ELINOR VON DREI GRANTS TORCH'S REQUEST.
YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE?
NO STRANGER TO YOU, FRAULEIN. WE BOTH HAVE SOMETHING VERY MUCH IN COMMON— YASHMAK!
Y-YASHMAK? I DO NOT KNOW...
...STOP STALLING, FRAULEIN! I HAVE IT- AND YOU WANT IT! WHERE SHALL I MEET YOU?
ELINOR VON DREI MAKES AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET TORCH AT THE STREET OF THE SEVEN BAZAARS.
I KIDDED HER INTO THINKING I HAD THE VEIL... IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN A HALF HOUR, GET TOUGH!
OKE!
TORCH ENTERS THE BUILDING... THE LADY IS WAITING FOR HIM.
YOU ARE PROMPT. COME- FOLLOW ME.
JA, FRAULEIN!
BUT, AS TORCH STEPS FORWARD THE FLOOR GIVES WAY UNDER HIM.
HEY!

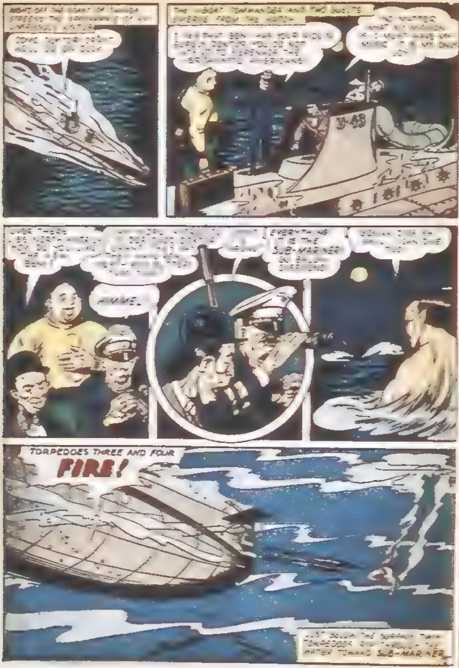
INSTINCTIVELY, HE FLAMES, BUT HIS FIRE HISSES OUT AS HE IS PLUNGED INTO A WATERY PIT!
HA-HA! HOW NAIVE YOU AMERICANS ARE
IF I CAN HAUL MYSELF OUT OF THE DRINK I'LL BE ABLE TO FLAME AGAIN WHAT THE-- THE CEILING'S DESCENDING!
FAREWELL, HERR TORCH!
ISTANBOUL MAY BE OLD AS TIME BUT WE HAVE THE SHORT WAVE MY BEARDED FRIEND IS ON HIS WAY HERE NOW BY PLANE
TORO
THIS'LL MELT THOSE WINDOW BARS
DIE, INTERLOPER!

EACH OF US MORE THE SACRED YASHMAK AND GAVE ADVICE TO OUR TRIBESMEN
COME ON, SACRED ONE—THE TRIBE AWAITS! NOW HAS COME OF WAR FOR THE MEN!
THERE IS BUT ONE MOVE FOR MY HONEST BROTHERS— NOW IN THE UNITED NATIONS
BUT NAZI AGENTS SEEKING TO WIN MY PEOPLE TO HER VILE PLOTTED AGAINST ME
AT WAR AND THE WORLD COULD POSE AS THE PRINCESS'S NAME MUST BE KIDNAPPED!
IT WILL BE DONE, FRAULEIN COMMANDANT!
I WAS SEIZED AND HELD HERE—FORCED TO TEACH MY SACRED LORE TO HERS!
HELLO TEACH HER SOMETHING ELSE!
HERE IS NOTHING SHE CAN TEACH ME NOW!
AMAZING TOMBO REMOVES
REVEALING A MASK
YES, AND IN A MOMENT YOU SHALL KNOW HIM!

ELMOR VON ORR! HURLS A SMALL MISSILE AND···
SLEEP TIGHT, LOKITS! ABOUT, COME QUICKLY!
COMING, FEAGLE!
TOSS THESE SWINE INTO THE TROG'S CELL ··· WE'LL GIVE THEM THE WATER CURE!
THE WATER LINE ON THE WALL— IT'S FALLING! THERE MUST BE A LEAK!
(GULP!) HERE IT IS··· A LOOSE STONE! I CAN GOUGE IT OUT! AH··· GOT IT!
TORCH FLAMES UP
A THOUSAND DEVILS! IT IS THE TORCH!
WITH BELLS ON!
THE WATER FLOWS SWIFTLY FROM THE CELL
NOW!

EIIEE!
THE BLAZING HAND HURLS ABDUL BODILY INTO THE AIR!
MY BEARD! YEOW!
NOW, ABOUT— THE YASHMAK?
WHO CARES ABOUT THE VEIL! MY BEARD! MY BEAUTIFUL BEARD! I AM DISGRACED! HERE—TAKE THE VEIL!
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, THIS WASHES YOU UP!
SWINE... YOU SHALL PAY...
YOU'RE THROUGH TOO!
LATER...
THE TURKISH POLICE WILL DEAL WITH THEM
A THOUSAND THANKS GARRY HAD THE YASHMAK AND TRIED TO RESCUE ME BUT HE WAS DISCOVERED - THAT'S WHY YOU WERE SENT
STRANGE ARE THE SIGHTS THIS ORIENTAL CITY OF MYSTERY HAS SEEN BUT NONE SO STRANGE AS TWO FLAMING FIGURES BLAZING WESTWARD
NICE TOWN— WHAT WE SAW OF IT
AND IT STRUCK ME AS BEING KIND OF OLD AND MUSTY
WELL, PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING MORE EXCITING FOR TORCH AND TORO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WHEN THE SONS OF FLAME EMBLAZON THE SIGN OF VICTORY ACROSS THE SKY!


SUB-MARINER
THE MAGNETIC MILLS POWER PLOT


TORPEDOES THREE AND FOUR
FIRE!

NOW!
HELLUP!

YEOW·W·W·W!
PL·LOP·P!

HELP!
HELP!
HELP!

EUREKA! THE RUBBER BOAT!
WHAT'S THAT?
SHUT UP
YEOW!

WOW!

SUB-MARINER

SUB-MARINER
WOW

SUB-MARINER
THEY'RE GONE!

NEXT DAY
NOW, WHAT'S THAT?
SUB-MARINER

GOTCHA!
HERE GOES!

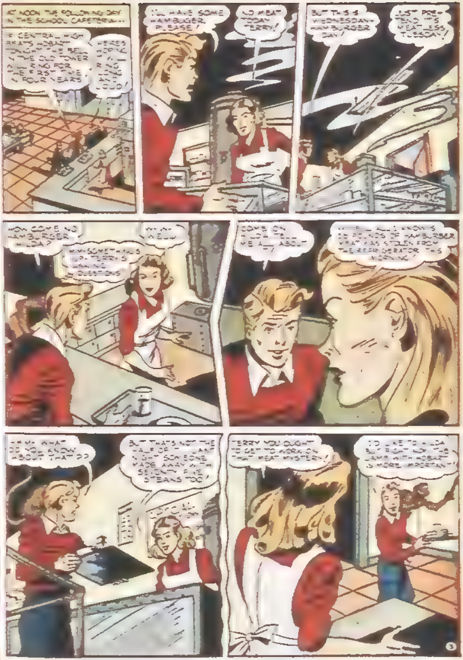
AT A POINT NEAR THE FALLS...
DIS SHOWS HOW LONG EACH LOG TOOK TO GET TO DER FALLS. DER TIME WAS APPROXIMATELY DER SAME
GOOD!
YEOW!

SUB-MARINER
HA-HA-HA!
HIGH
YE-E-E-E-OW!
BANG!

SUB-MARINER
GLUB!
SOMETHING FISHY!
HEY!
SUB-MARINER
SUB-MARINER
WOW!
THAT'S CLOSED, BUT WOW! WHAT'S INSIDE THAT TENT?
WOW!
CASE CLOSED!
LOOK! HE'S GOING OVER THE RAIL!
SUB-MARINER
WOW!
KILLED!

Terry Vance
The Circus Mystery
Colosso
THREE RING CIRCUS

BACK AT DEADLINE'S OFFICE —
A FINE REPORTER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
COLOSSO THE GORILLA HAS ESCAPED! ALL PERFORMANCES OF THE CIRCUS HAVE BEEN CANCELLED!
SUFFERING GOSH CATS!
I WANT A STORY ON COLOSSO'S ESCAPE AND QUICK...
Y-Y-YES SIR!
I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT WE GOT TO PRACTICE FOR THE BASKETBALL GAME TOMORROW NIGHT!
GRRRRR!
WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL BE INTRIGUED WHEN YOU HEAR THERE'S A $500 REWARD FOR COLOSSO'S CAPTURE!


AT NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA...
IF CENTRAL HIGH BEATS HOBART TONIGHT THE BELL IN THE OLD TOWER WILL RING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS
LONG AND LOUD!
I'LL HAVE SOME HAMBURGER, PLEASE!
NO MEAT TODAY, TERRY!
BUT THIS IS WEDNESDAY—HAMBURGER DAY!
JUST PRETEND IT'S MEATLESS TUESDAY!
HOW COME NO HAMBURGER, HILDA?
WHY—WELL—
COME ON, HILDA, TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
25 POUNDS OF HAMBURGER MEAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE REFRIGERATOR THIS MORNING!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT??
BUT THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT! LAST NIGHT SOMEONE MADE AWAY WITH SEVENTY FIVE STEAKS TOO!
TERRY YOU OUGHT TO GET TO WORK ON THAT MEAT MYSTERY!
I'D LIKE TO, HILDA, BUT RIGHT NOW THE GAME WITH HOBART IS MORE IMPORTANT!

THAT NIGHT THE BIG GAME GETS UNDERWAY!
COME ON CENTRAL HIGH! LET'S GET GOING!
WHAT A GAME!
CENTRAL HIGH WINS!
YOU'RE A HERO, TERRY!

LATER IN THE LOCKER ROOM...
CONGRATULATIONS TERRY! IT WAS A SWELL GAME!
GOOD! WHAT'S UP?
BUT COLOSSO IS NOT AT THE CARPET FACTORY!

GRRROW!

BONG!!
UGH!

The RIGHT KIND OF STUFF

SOMETHING was wrong with the big olive-drab army vehicles and Dan couldn't figure it out. Green apples might have done it but army trucks or any other kind for that matter do not subsist on green apples. Gas and oil, good stuff at that, was what they ate up.

"East Point wants their trucks tomorrow," Captain Collins walked over to where Dan frowned at the huge motor under the lifted hood. "Got everything running?"

Dan hesitated. "This one's kind of cranky. May have to drop the pan ... number three bearing is bad. This stuff'll roll though if I have to keep the crew on all night!"

He breathed easier as the Captain swung briskly away across the apron. He got a creeper and a plug wrench and rolled under the big job. Suspicion had been growing in his mind since finding trouble with the huge 6 x 6 prime mover and with the three recon cars and the ambulance. Dan's fingers trembled a little as he loosened the crankcase plug and drained it.

His muscles stiffened and his eyes grew hot around the edges when he dipped his fingers [illegible], rubbed them together and felt the flakes of pumice in the oil. What had been suspicion before crystallized into certainty now. Swiftly he replaced the plug, grabbed the exhaust pipe and whipped himself out and across the narrow aisle between the feed lines and under the next recon. Again he removed the drain plug and examined the oil. Someone had deliberately put pumice in the oil of all the cars for East Point!

Dan put a special crew to work draining and thoroughly flushing the motors. It was the only thing to do in so short a time. Sometimes it was a headache trying to run the shop. Either the work was on the line or there was a new foreman and crew if necessary. Dan walked away.

He washed and got a drink. He found Ted in the locker room propped in a corner brooding out a window, smoking.

"You're not supposed to be smoking in here," Dan reminded him. "You let the Captain catch you—"

"Any skin off your neck?" Ted turned a greasy sullen face in Dan's direction. "You needn't worry about getting bounced. You're too good! They need someone like you ... to see that guys don't waste time ... smoking!"

Dan waited a minute. He knew what was eating Ted. "Still sore because you weren't reclassified?"

Ted snubbed his cigarette, dropped it in the pocket of his work shirt. "Sure," he said, advancing to where Dan stood. "You put the others up for reclassification. I'd have got more money—"

"Sure. But you're not worth it."

"Thanks," Ted snarled. "We can't all be as good as you!"

LATER Dan realized that it didn't make sense. Ted was healthy smart. There was something wrong or he wouldn't have attempted putting pumice in motor oil ... [illegible] he had.

There was a dim light in the back of the house and it was a long time before anyone came to answer his knock. It took courage to do this—

A small woman opened the door, her fingers were white where she gripped the edge.

Dan said, "I'd like to see Ted."

"He's not in," was the abrupt answer. "He went down town. I don't know where."

Dan stepped away. "The air Well, go ahead!" Ted's voice a whining yap and drove a coming from the house was rash. "You've got it in for me! wrong blow in. The fellow went cold. A child cried endlessly. You always were snooping, al- down trembling, then relaxed Dan touched his cap. "Thanks ways watching, trying to frame and lay still. Dan whirled— anyway.. I'll try to locate him. me—"

Good night."

He paused for lack of breath and turned aside.

He located Ted but Ted was talking to a couple of tough, foreign-looking birds. Ted was just finishing a drink and Dan stayed out of the way, watching till the party split up. When the two men left Ted, Dan hurried after them. This was risky but . . necessary.

"Whadd you do it for?" Dan demanded grimly. "You are the one who put pumice in the crankcases!"

Ted turned a haggard young face. "What are you going to do?" he demanded hoarsely. "Oh, I know. You saw me with them . . . with them last night! I'd-off—" had a couple. I—"

TED looked funny the next day. Nothing definite Dan could see, just an uneasy expression about his eyes.

"I'm taking you off the back," Dan announced quietly. "Putting you on the test line. You're inside too much, need a change. Get a test plate and start that line rolling." Swiftly Dan hung a test plate on a pick-up, prepared to follow.

It was nice in the country. The wind was raw and cold from the hills but the sun was bright and warm where it was sheltered. The road climbed through naked hills, toward a sharp blue sky.

Dan saw the test job ahead of him. The olive-drab machine was pulled over to the side but Ted wasn't in sight. Dan pulled the pick-up off the road and plunged into the woods.

Ted was sitting on a stump his hand just lifting a cigarette to his lips. He saw Dan and jumped up, his face whitening.

"All right!" he said sullenly. "I suppose you're going to have me canned for loafing, now!"

The two men must have slipped up from the side, skirting around the trees to stay out of sight. They stepped out suddenly and Dan spun to find himself facing two threatening revolvers. One of them stepped forward toward Ted.

"Yuh dirty squealer!" he snarled at Ted. "So yuh aren't on the level! Well, you're gettin' yours . . now . ."

Dan threw himself forward. He smashed the gun aside just as it went off with a roar. He drove the fellow back off his feet. It Ted did the right thing.

Ted did. He stooped swiftly and snatched up the limb of a tree and hurled it at the second man, who ducked and slipped down on his knees on the wet earth and Ted hurled himself in.

A huge sense of relief welled up inside Dan and he flung himself at his opponent, driving crushing blows in savagely.

"Dirty saboteurs!" Dan snarled. "Here's another!"

He yanked the fellow to his feet, held him before him like

On the hill side above him, Ted and his opponent were battling. Dan scrambled forward.

They slipped. Ted was thrown off balance and the gun came around—went off. Ted cried out faintly and dropped.

A split second later Dan hit the gunman driving him off his feet. Dan babbled, rage blinding him. "I'll twist your head off—"

He drove in a smashing blow and the gunman went spinning down the slope, a limp, whipped mass.

Ted was holding his arm. Something had gone out of his eyes. Slowly he got to his feet, his mouth twisted with pain. He faced Dan squarely, his glance steady.

"Okay," he said softly. "I can take it. I was a chump, but I'm willing to pay up. I let them talk me into it because of the money. I needed it — never mind why."

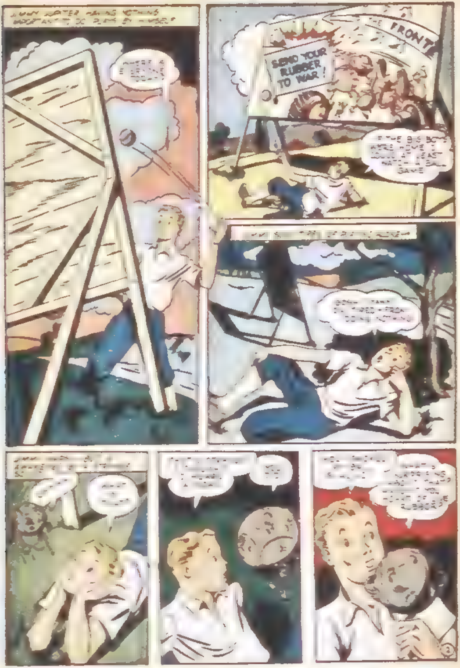
Dan said slowly, "I don't care why. You're okay. I'll take care of that reclassification as soon as you're back. The rest is off the record. I caught wind of that stuff for Camp [illegible] before it went out. It [illegible] happen again—"

"You're darn tootin' it won't—" Ted hesitated, staring down hill at the two sprawled figures. "I can't figure out what made them check—"

Dan said quietly, "I figured it would take something like this to make you snap out of it. I told them last night to watch you, that you weren't a straight guy. I had a hunch you'd make a liar of me."

The End

Jimmy
JUPITER
THE END


SEND YOUR RUBBER TO WAR!
FRONT
THE BIG BOYS WERE HOME I COULD AT LEAST WATCH A BALL GAME

CAN'T YOU READ?
WHAT THE HECK? THIS APPLE WON'T COME OFF
IT LOOKS INTERESTING LET'S HURRY
POUFF

FINALLY THEY REACH THE LAND OF THE RUBBER PEOPLE
CAMP OF CONCENTRATION
GOODNESS! THEY WANT TO GET INTO THE BIG BATTLE YOU HUMANS STARTED.
YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING, AREN'T YOU
WITH A STRETCH THE CONCENTRATION CAMP FENCE COLLAPSES... AND THE RUBBER MEN ATTACK
ENTIRELY!
HEY! LET ME UP! I'LL MAKE THINGS RIGHT
5

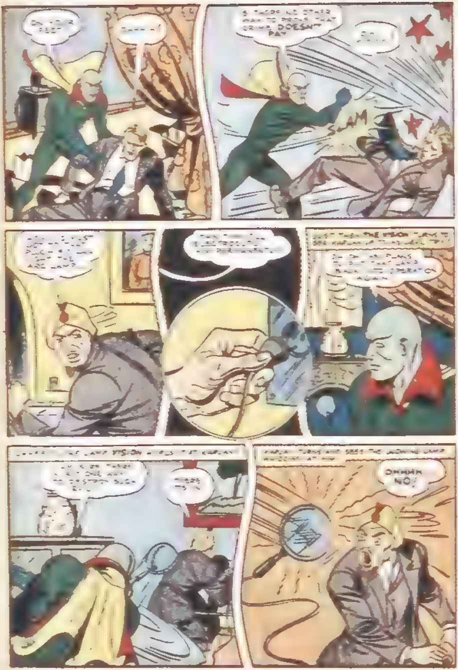
SET ME FREE SO I CAN ENLIST AND DO MY PART. WE CAN'T SERVE WHILE YOU HOLD US CAPTIVE!
SOME OF YOU HUMANS ARE ACTUALLY DICTATORS
CASA BLANCA — HERE I COME!
IS IT ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO GO NOW?
WE AREN'T SO SURE
DEPEND

YES SIR MR MAYOR I'LL DO MY VERY BEST!
VERY WELL—YOU MAY LEAVE!
BUT I'M NOT SURE I KNOW THE WAY
WELL—I'LL GIVE YOU A GUIDE-BALL
TAKE MR JIMMY BACK HOME
CHEER UP, YOU'LL BE THE LIBERATOR OF YOUR PEOPLE!
AND LATER STILL
GEE, IT'S LATE! AND WHAT A DREAM I'VE HAD
FOR BUSINESS
SSH—SOME ONE MAY HEAR YOU
JIMMY JUPITER
BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE
Marvel Comics

THE VISION
THE GEM THAT BLINDED!

IN THE ORIENTAL MANSION OF SENI KARLAN, COLLECTOR OF PRECIOUS GEMS...
THE KARLAN STAR SAPPHIRE!
OF COURSE
I HEAR THE GEM SHOWS UP BEST IN DIM LIGHTS
KARLAN OPENS THE SAFE AND WITHDRAWS A SMALL BOX
AH! MY PRECIOUS GEM REPOSES WITHIN THIS BOX!
BEAUTIFUL
CAREFUL
WONDERFUL
THE LIGHTS FLICK ON AND
OH! YOU KNOW!

OW-W!
HOW INTERESTING
GRAB HIM!
LET GO!
SHUT UP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I CAN'T SEE


DOESN'T PAY
SLAM
OHHHH NO!

the PATRIOT

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY
SWEEPS CITY

THE TOUGH AMERICAN KIDS SLAM BANG INTO THE NAZIS
NICE WORK KIDS!
YER NOSE MAKES A SWELL PUNCHING BAG HITLER!
ACH!
THE BATTLE ENDS AND...
BOYS YOU WERE GREAT! VON GUKK AND HIS HENCHMEN WERE WORKING A SUBTLE NAZI PROPAGANDA TRICK THROUGH YOU—!
BY TURNING THE ATTENTION OF AMERICANS TO PROBLEMS SUCH AS A KID CRIME WAVE THEY INTERFERED WITH THE WAR EFFORT!
THAT'S RIGHT KIDS PEOPLE WOULD BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT CLEANING UP TROUBLE CLOSE TO HOME THEN ABOUT WINNING THE WAR
REMEMBER YOU AND EVERY OTHER AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL MUST CONSTANTLY BE ON GUARD AGAINST SUCH NAZI PLOTS! SO LONG NOW
THE PATRIOT LEAVES BUT SOON AFTER HE RETURNS AS JEFF MACE REPORTER!
JUST PHONED THE STORY INTO THE PAPER IT'S A SCOOP NAZIS BEHIND KID CRIME WAVE! WOW
YEAH BUT WHERE WERE YOU?
ME? I WAS LOOKING FOR A COP!
WELL UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS YOU WON'T NEED COPS NOT FOR THESE KIDS ANYWAY
I THINK IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT WHAT STOLEN MONEY CAN'T BE RETURNED WILL BE INVESTED IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS BY ALL THE KIDS!

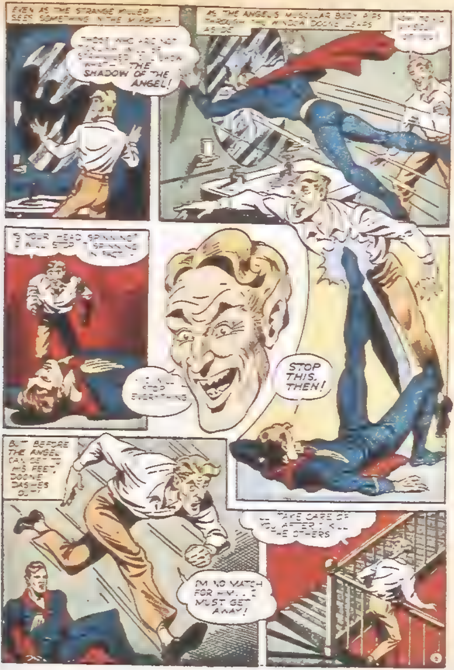
ANGEL!
THE ANGEL!
THE
THIS
ME
HIM!
SCHROTTER

THIS STORY OPENS IN GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD IN THE OFFICE OF GRUMKIN THE GREAT.
SURE! THERE AIN'T A KID IN AMERICA WHO WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU
COME IN!
THANKS, MR GRUMKIN
A GREAT COMEDIAN!-HMPH, OKAY -- LET'S SEE YOUR ROUTINE
A CIGAR
I STOLE THE JACKET AND INTERCEPTED YOUR STEWARD. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET IN TO SEE YOU. MY CARD...
WHAT THE--?
THANKS MR GRUMKIN DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE CHICKEN THAT CROSSED THE ROAD?
MY GRANDFATHER TOLD THAT ONE!
BUT WATCH HOW I PUT THE GAG OVER
NEVER MIND THE GAG!
MY FRIEND I HAVE A ROLE FOR YOU--AN IMPORTANT ROLE
I KNEW SOME ONE WOULD APPRECIATE MY TALENTS AS A COMEDIAN
NOT AS A COMEDIAN. I'M PRODUCIN' THE "DARK HORROR." YOU'RE THE HORROR
ME??

AGHRRR.
OUT!
YEOW!
DIE
LAUGHING!

EEEEE!

BANG
WHAT A PERFORMANCE


EVEN AS THE STRANGE KILLER SEES SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR—
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
AS THE ANGEL'S MUSCULAR BODY RIPS THROUGH THE WINDOW DOONE LEAPS ASIDE
IS YOUR HEAD SPINNING?
STOP EVERYTHING
STOP THIS, THEN!
BUT BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN GET TO HIS FEET, DOONE DASHES OUT!
I'M NO MATCH FOR HIM... I MUST GET AWAY!
TAKE CARE OF YOU AFTER I KILL THE OTHERS

NEXT DAY—
HE ESCAPED AGAIN. BE CAREFUL, STANDISH—YOU'RE MARKED FOR DEATH—
ANGEL, YOU STICK HERE. STANDISH, GO UPSTAIRS AND WAIT IN THE GALLERY FOR YOUR CUE. WE'RE READY TO SHOOT!
YOU'RE GETTING ME IN THE PROPER MOOD FOR OUR MOVIE. HERE'S THE SET—A REAL CASTLE TRANSPORTED FROM ENGLAND
OKAY, CAMERA! ACTION! WALK TO THAT CHAIR AND SIT DOWN.
HERE'S MY CUE. I PULL OUT MY RUSTY DAGGER—
WHILE I'M WAITING FOR THEM TO START, I MIGHT AS WELL REHEARSE MY PART

YEE-E-M-M!
HA, HA!
HA-HAW!
HA, HA,HA!
HA-HA!
OHHHH
THE ANGEL
MADMAN
AGAIN!

YE-OW-W!
HA-HA-HA! AGHR-R-R
I MUST GET RID OF YOU
ANGEL
LAUGH!
SOLES
HEY!
LAUGH!
YAH, HAH, HAH! HO-HO!
THE ANGEL

LEARNING TO HIS FEET, THE ANGEL STRIKES BACK WITH TELLING FORCE
A BALL OF STRUGGLING FLESH AND BONE BOUNCES DOWN THE STAIRS.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? HEY!
WOW! WHAT AN ACTION SHOT THIS IS, DONNA BA!
THE ANGEL GIVES DOOM SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE
HAW-HAW! STOP! HA-HA! HAW!
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST IS A SAP FOR WAITING SO LONG! SAYS DOOM.
AND SO WITH DOOM SAFELY BEHIND BARS, GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER HOLLYWOOD FOR A MOMENT— THEN FADES AWAY.
TICKLE HIM AGAIN, ANGEL! THIS SHOT IS TERRIFIC!
I CONFESS! HA-HA! I TICKLED DRUMLIN TO DEATH! TEE-HEE!
THE ANGEL RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS WITH AN EXCITING TALE OF ADVENTURE AT AN AIR-FERRY BASE!

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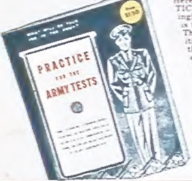

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